"YE ARE THE TEMPLE OF THE LIVING GOD." II. COR. VI. 16.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE FULLER UNFOLDMENT OF THE DIVINITY OF HUMANITY

CONTENTS.

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FOR CENTURIES A WITNESS.

BY WENONAH STEVENS ABBOTT, F. T. S.

"Most souls have resting-places between their earth-lives—but I—I can not rest! For more than twenty centuries, I have sought the Master, sought him feverishly, eagerly, unable even to attain the calm which would allow me to inhabit a female body. Throughout the centuries to come, I must continue to be what I have been for centuries past,—the Wandering Jew."

"Nay, brother," replied a voice like the silvery sound of dripping water, "you can not know the Master until you know yourself; and how study turbulent water? When you attain to perfect harmony within, then, and then only, will you find him for whom you have so tirelessly sought."

"Harmony! I never knew it!"

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"Neither have you known me; yet in lives past, as now, I have known you and your every struggle. Will you not rest and trust yourself to my guidance?"

The old man shook his head, as if in refusal, then silently clasped the hand which she reached toward him, arose and followed her. When distance had blended into one shadow the green of his cloak and the deep blue of her gown, I still gazed after their departing forms, wondering who could resist her voice—having once heard its pleadings.

Later I heard these fragments, which I have linked together.

* * * * * *

"And it came to pass that after Jonathan, the visible, with David, his invisible companion, had put the Philistines to rout, that David was many times near to death; but thou canst not kill those whom the Gods make invisible. Therefore David lived in the home of my father, Jonathan, though the people knew it not, and even I, Mephiboseth, son of Jonathan, knew it not as yet.

"Then my father, Jonathan, sent forth David; and when he returned, Jonathan had for all time quit his house, the temple not made with hands; and in his place

reigned David, whom Jonathan loved as his own soul; and I, Mephiboseth, dwelt near him, being indeed his son. And to the servants, David named me as 'Thy Master's Son'—yet I understood not, for I was sore crippled.

"And the time drew nigh that David should pass out from his house for the last time, and verily I say to you, believe not that in his last moments he counseled bloodshed, for it is not true. He spake only these words: 'He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God. And he shall be as the dawn of a cloudless day.' And then David became again invisible, as in the time when Jonathan dwelt in that house; and then knew I—as in a dream—that David, with whom I had dwelt, was indeed the Master, whom I had believed dwelt afar off—yet he was even David, whom Jonathan loved as his own soul.

"Having in that life been unworthy of a father's love, in the next was I early deprived thereof, for my father, Siddhartha Gautama, left me with my mother Yasodhara."

"Was he your father? Do you know anything about the legend of the shadow of the tree being over him, without re-

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gard to the time of day?" I eagerly interrupted.

"Verily, but the tree was not of the vegetable world: it was the Shadow of Enlightenment."

I was silent, but soon roused from my revery as he said:

"All was just! It was but the effect of my past action, when I failed to be worthy of my father, David-Jonathan. Yet sorely did I then miss a father's love, and sorely did I long to bid him stay, when, in the night of our ignorance, Siddhartha went from us."

"How do you know when he went? History says you were then but a babe, if you were indeed his son," I exclaimed.

"Nay, you mistake! Infants have not their clearer vision blinded by earthly mistakes."

"And you believed him a Buddha?"

"Yea."

"Then why has not his prophecy come to pass? Where is his promised Buddha of Kindness?"

"Know ye not that Jesus was Siddhartha come again?" was his counter query.

I did not reply, but asked: "Why was

Jesus not your father, if family relations do not change?"

"Nay, you do not understand," he said gently. "No father have I known since Siddhartha, with none have I dwelt since David-Jonathan. When Jesus dwelt among men, I was a waif; since then I have not known who has begotten or who borne the bodies in which I have dwelt. But Jesus, he was not of the flesh. Know you not that? He was one with John—as David with Jonathan—yet when he went out from the body, men, seeing his glorified form and believing it to be of flesh, called him Jesus and knew him not as the Master who dwelt in John."

"Then how was he crucified?"

"In a way that ye wot not of. Know ye not the legend that the cross upon which the pardoned thief hung changed to celestial hue, while that of the other became like unto the earth? Can you learn naught from that, or are you yet in ignorance of color? Verily, many a man is born blind, because of his past sins."

"Do you remember any teaching of Jesus? What did he say of the Creator?"

"Verily, many, but few are those which have come to thee in their purity. List and say not again that God *created*, for

Jesus said not that word. Jesus said: 'Before the world became visible it existed in the Divine Mind; from His Will appeared the Universe; by His Word made flesh came man, in whom dwelleth a part of the Most High. Help the poor, assist the crippled, covet not, harm none; for whoso depriveth his brother of perfect happiness, of the same shall they be deprived. Loving as a father is the law of God which judgeth men and bringeth all to divine consciousness."

"Did you see any of Jesus' miracles?"

"Nay. Many things did he which ye wot not, but all by the Father's law, because he was one with Him. All is miracle—all that thine eyes behold. If thou canst not know that, then indeed are you blind. Know you not that in the golden age men held communion with God?"

"Did Jesus worship in a temple, or warn against prayer?"

"Both and neither! He said: 'Enter ye into the temple which is thy heart, keep pure the sacred vessels which are thine eyes and hands, illuminate thy kingdom of heaven with good thoughts, perform the rites of good to thy neighbor, for thereby shalt thou honor thy temple, in which dwells the Eternal One,

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Who gave to thee life; place thy trust in the Father and wait till Light appears on the altar of thy heart.' As to prayer, he said: 'When thou wouldst address the Father, retire into the closet of thy heart, that the sound of thy voice open no strange door, and become as a little child, knowing neither past nor future, nor aught but thy Father's presence.'"

"How did he speak of women?"

"Gently, as became a great soul, bidding us respect woman 'as the mother of the universe, the germ of life and death, the supporter of man, the basis of all good; place her next unto God in thy thoughts, and thus shall many of thy sins be remitted; all that ye shall have done for a woman, ye shall have done for God, thereby being worthy of Love, without which nothing exists below, for it is the reflection of the Father. Yea, verily, his teaching of woman was like unto that of Simon Magus,—who exalted her as the symbol of the first Æon Thought."

"Simon Magus,—the heretic!" I exclaimed, in horror.

"Blind again, brother, blind again! Believe not the tales told of that good man, nor that he was carnally minded. Men degraded the symbolic utterances which

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fell from his lips, thereby polluting their own."

"Did he not teach that he was the Son of God—the Messiah—come again?"

"The son of God—yea—so art thou; but that he said ever that he was the Messiah, believe not, though indeed he said that he was one with the Father, as would that I could as surely and bravely."

"But he said that he came again."

"Why not? Did not Jesus say, 'In my Father's house are many abidings,' and how couldst thou then fail to see that between them thou must 'return again?' Well said he that he would come again in the clouds, for they yet obscure the light of Wisdom. Oh, hasten—hasten—thou dawning golden age!"

"Why do you believe that this bright age is dawning?"

"It is writ in the stars. Know you not that? The sign of the fish, which hovered over the time of Jesus, is passing, and Aquarius—symbol of Truth—reigns on high."

"When will the Master come?" I inquired, after a pause.

"I know not, but I hope to see him face to face."

"Have you ever seen him?"

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"Yea! Once lifted I up mine enemy, knowing that he was also my brother, and through the mist for an instant gleamed the Master's face. Once, comforted I a dog, feeling my kinship with him, and again came that beauteous vision. Once planted I again the weed, which my careless foot upturned, and the Master smiled, for I was learning more and more of duty. Many, many times have I seen him, when my heart had softened toward some lowly life, but I keep not in that pure state."

He turned from me, toward the maid with the soothing voice, and murmured:

"Maiden pure, I love thee, even as I loved my Father, David-Jonathan."

"Well may you," she whispered.

"Art thou, then, as I have dreamt, indeed David-Jonathan come again?"

"Jonathan I was, David I was not, yet David and Jonathan were one, even as ——" she paused, then added, "Come, we will go to the Master."

* * * * * *

Again distance blended his cloak and her gown into one, as when first I saw them by the wayside, but this time they passed into a halo of light—not into the mist of ignorance.

"As His Own Soul."

A Worker's Hymn.

If there be good in that I wrought,
  Thy hand compelled it, Master, thine;
Where I have failed to meet thy thought,
  I know, through thee, the blame is mine.

One instant's toil to thee denied
  Stands all eternity's offense,
Of that I did with thee to guide,
  To thee, through thee, be excellence.

Who, lest all thought of Eden fade,
  Bring'st Eden to the craftsman's brain,
Godlike to muse o'er his own trade
  And manlike stand with God again.

The depth and dream of my desire,
  The bitter paths wherein I stray,
Thou knowest who has made the fire,
  Thou knowest who has made the clay.

One stone the more swings to her place
  In that dread temple of thy worth,
It is enough that through thy grace
  I saw naught common on thy earth.

Take not that vision from my ken;
  Oh, whatsoe'er may spoil or speed,
Help me to need no aid from men
  That I may help such men as need!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE TEMPLE OF TRUTH.

Luther's temples are built upon the same foundation as that of the Church of Rome; namely, upon a belief in salvation by external means of that perishing thing called the personal self. Both churches, with all their subdivisions, are based upon the selfish propensities inherent in the semi-animal nature in man; both appeal to his selfish desire for reward and to his fear of punishment in the problematic hereafter. Both are resting upon the erroneous belief that divine authority can be conferred upon man-ordained priests by a man-made church; but while the Roman church—if once the fundamental falsehood upon which she bases her claims is accepted—may appeal to Logic, the most powerful devil in man, to prove her other pretensions, the claims of the Protestant church for divine authority to save mankind are not so supported.

What is that thing which these people desire to save, whose existence they desire

to preserve, whose life they crave to prolong? What is this personal self? It has no self-existence and possesses no life of its own. It is a continually changing conglomeration of principles, endowed with a continually changing consciousness.... The only thing in man which is not subject to change is his consciousness of the Eternal, and whenever he enters that state, he forgets that he is a person, becomes unconscious of the isolation of form, and is only conscious of being in the Infinite Spirit. These are facts which require no arguments for proof, but which everyone may know by reflection and self-examination: they are self-evident. But this consciousness of the Eternal needs no salvation; it is already safe, for it is the consciousness of the Christ; the only state in which man can be immortal, because it is not subject to change. Salvation is therefore an internal process which no man can produce for another, but which each one must accomplish within himself. To enter that state of consciousness in the Eternal is the only possible salvation for man.

The unreality of the pretensions of the modern church has come to the understanding of the more enlightened masses. They have begun to laugh at her claims,

but the church laughs at them. She clings for protection to the skirts of the goddess of fashion; the goddess gives her bright ornaments of brass and glittering tinsel; she furnishes her with pomp and elaborate ceremonies, and men are used to imagine that they are in need of these things: they borrow them from the church, and the latter again takes hold of the leading-strings. And while this farce is played, the true church of the *Christ* is deserted. Clear and strong shines the bright sunshine of Divine Wisdom through the transparent roof of its dome, as it did in ancient times; but the crowds of worshipers that used to crowd the halls have deserted the temple. The sacrificial fires upon the altars have gone out for want of fuel; for those who used to worship in the Temple of Wisdom now worship at the altar of Self. The Temple of Truth, wherein all humanity unknowingly live and whose altars exist in the innermost centre of every human heart, is the temple, where the divine Redeemer still continues to teach, in spite of all the Pharisees and scribes by whom he is surrounded. External churches decay, unless they are upheld and supported by man; but this eternal temple needs no support from mortals: it will never cease to exist. It

asks for no favors and fees; but the condition to be admitted to it is an entire renunciation of self. It requires no one to explain its doctrines, for the truth becomes clear to all as soon as they become able to see it, and all will recognize it by its beauty as soon as they draw the veil from its face. The foundation of that temple is knowledge,—not that illusive knowledge taught by mortal man, which refers merely to the illusions of sense, but that spiritual knowledge which arises from a realization of the truth. Fear and doubt do not enter that temple, nor is there any difference of opinion; because the truth is only one in the *absolute*, and all who know it have the same knowledge. There is no inducement held out in that temple to cause men to be virtuous but the beauty of virtue; there is no other penalty for the wicked but that which naturally follows the disobedience of the law. There is only one supreme Law, the love of absolute Good. When men become satiated with the worship of self and with living on Dead Sea fruit, they will again return to the Temple of Wisdom to partake of the Water of Truth.

The true building of the Temple of Sol-Om-On consists, therefore, in the tearing down of the miserable hut built up of

erroneous opinions and perverted tastes, —a hovel which we have erected ourselves by our own thoughts, and wherein we dwell. It consists in the opening of its walls and roof, so that the Light of Truth may enter and drive away the darkness of its interior; it consists in the regaining of the power of Spirit over Matter,—a power which is the natural birthright of immortal Man.—*Franz Hartmann in "The Life of Jehoshua."*

Occultism.

Hidden, and yet 'tis seen
In form of flower, in wing of bird,
In fragrance of the falling rose,
In cadence of a loving word;
In tint and moan of shell of sea,
In depths within the heaven's blue;
With passion glance from Sun-God's eye
Is Occultism brought to view.

But look within to find the truth:
And see each symbol mirrored there,
When touched, the springs of endless youth
Their joyous waters upward bear;
The rose reveals its heart of Love,
The sun transmutes the soul's pure gold;
And though the lips with speech are mute,
In Silence must the truth be told.

ABBIE W. GOULD.

THE LIFTING UP OF THE CHRIST.

An utterance of the Master's recorded in John xii 32, often quoted, is seen to be such a plain, palpable mistranslation, when the interior, mystic meaning is understood, that I think it would be useful to take it up for examination.

The accepted version prints the word "men" in italics, showing that this word is not in the original Greek. The revised version does not make this distinction. But the word is a limitation of the sense of the remark. The thought is, "*I*, if *I* be lifted up *out of* the earth, will attract from all directions." In other words, the Christ principle in the soul, if lifted out of the natural plane of the mind (where it is, as a rule, a personality merged in the individual man Jesus) becomes a center toward which all things in the above and beneath are attracted, and from which the Divine Life radiates in all directions. The word in the Greek implies not only a drawing upwards, but a drawing *downwards* also, and *laterally* as well.

Perhaps this may be illustrated by a mystic figure, well known as to form, but very little understood as to meaning; hardly at all. I do not propose to divulge its signification, but only use it as an illustration. Let a man stand on a level prairie, and his vision is bounded by a trine. The zenith is the apex and the horizon on his right and left form the lower angles. The plane line that reaches from the right lower angle to the left may be taken for the natural, the human plane of the mind. This plane the Master calls, "The Son of Man."

Now, there is another trine whose apex is down in the abysmal depths of the human nature, and this trine is

inverted. The base line is uppermost, and runs parallel with and touching the base line of the higher. Each of these trines has its own center, totally distinct from the other.

Now, the upper line of the human trine may be called the Son of Man, and this, the higher plane of the natural, must be lifted up, out of the earth. In its lifting up, it takes the whole trine, the entire human consciousness with it. And as it is lifted up, the higher trine, the spiritual consciousness, descends to meet it. The centers approach each other. The returning prodigal was yet a great way off when his father saw him, and hastened to meet him; and the meeting place was not in the father's house, nor in the swine field, but at a point between. So these centers continue to approach, and as they touch, they are merged in one, a new center, and we have the figure of the interlaced triangles, the six-pointed star. He who attains to this state has reached the acme of power. It is what Jesus meant when he said to his followers: "All power is given unto me in heaven and eath." The human and the spiritual had become one, and all things in the spiritual and natural planes of the soul were his to command.

How much a man may attain to in the line of this development is a question for himself. Conceived in sin, and shapen in iniquity as we are, the ignorance of one generation supplemented by the selfish recklessness of the following one, the raising of this lower trine is a Herculean task. That it has been done, by Him who said, "Behold, I send the promise of *My Father* upon you, we know; and he who in his own soul begins the work of "lifting up the Son of Man," will "call to his aid legions of angels."

It might be suggested that I explain what is meant by the "Son of Man." It means the Divine Truth of the natural plane of the mind, that which shapes our actions and relations toward the world. It is distinguished from the SON OF GOD very plainly. Any mistake or failing in the natural relations of man, "sin against the Son of Man," may be forgiven. But when a man's spiritual na-

ture is opened and enlightened, so that he knows by divine intuition what his duty is to GOD, he cannot afford to go wrong in the face of this light.

"As Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so the Son of Man must be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." To take this as relating to the burial of Jesus is absurd. The entombment was on Friday night and the resurrection on Sunday morning; *two* nights and *one* day.

But the symbolic meaning of the words of the Master is this: The divine truth must fill and permeate the entire three planes of the human nature, the thought, reason and rationality. I cannot stop now to say anything of the mystic meaning of the story of Jonah. Now, the divine truth, after filling the plane of the human ("first that which is natural and afterwards that which is spiritual") must be brought up out of the human plane into the spiritual, and all reasoning on the questions of life and duty must be according to spiritual light. And so the Master says, "As Moses lifted up the serpent" (symbol of the plane of the senses) "in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up."

THUROROS

LETTING GO.

"If you have lost youth and happiness—let go. If friends have proved false and ungrateful—let go. If you look back upon your life's journey with regrets—let go."
—*F. B. Dowd.*

If we watch people for one day, we will find that every one is either trying "to get," or to "hold on," to things. With the business man, all effort is put forth in getting. Ministers preach "to get" converts to their creed. Teachers teach "to get" followers to their belief. Mothers desire "to get" everything for the improvement and good of their children.

Children are educated—a *getting* of the ideas of other minds. The whole world seems bent on "getting."

What does it all mean, this eternal and everlasting "getting"?

Just this: that we look for everything outside of ourselves. This tells the whole story—seeking and never being satisfied, holding on tight, if we succeed in deluding ourselves with the idea that we have got anything. We have looked *outside* for health, happiness, prosperity, Heaven and God. We have expected to draw them to us, and therefore must "hold on" to them.

What is this gospel of "letting go?" When we *feel sure* of a thing—that we really possess it—we "let go." There is never any effort needed to hold on to a thing that is really ours.

Do we try to hold on to youth and happiness? To friends, love, life, wealth, if they are *really* ours? No; we are so sure of them that we "let go."

"Letting go" is an opening up, a receptive condition of mind. If you are wealthy, you can "let go," and spiritual wealth will pour in upon you. If you are poor, you can "let go" and the same spiritual wealth will flood you. This proves that opulence *is* spiritual; for we can be rich when poor, and poor when rich. "Let go," no matter what comes. It is not resisting. Jesus said, "Resist not evil." And of course we would not resist good. So "letting go" is a gospel of non-resistance. Let us practice it and see what it will bring.

—*Katharine H. Newcomb in The Life.*

THE WORLD GROWS BETTER.

God makes men's hearts so much bigger than men can build churches or hospitals. That's the way the world grows; men keep trying to build upto God's plans; trying to make a ten-page sermon as big as a three-line text; to make a creed as long and broad and deep and high as the eleventh commandment; to develop a charity as beautiful and immortal as that of the nameless "certain Samaritan"; trying to write the life of Him the books of whose deeds "the world itself could not contain"; that's the way the world grows better and broader and sweeter.

Now and then, in these times of ours, there arises a wise man, usually about as wise as he is young,—who discovers

for the rest of us that the world has outgrown the Bible; that the old book was written for a crude and undeveloped people and time; that it does not apply to our own day and civilization. Well; there does appear to be a misfit now and then, but it remains an open question in the minds of a few unlearned men, whether it is the straight-edge or the plank that is out of line; whether the clay or the potter is at fault. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" quotes young Freethinker, and adds as one who knows the time of night without having to look at the sun dial by candle-light, "I say they are not." Oh, well, that may be true; but possibly it is this generation that is out of tune. Two sparrows were sold for a farthing at that time. Because there is a generation of men in the United States to-day that wrings from a pining invalid $1.50 for a spring chicken no bigger than a robin; that charges eighty cents for a squab only five days out of the shell; that sells a peck of peaches—half of them "clings" at that—in a two-quart basket; that makes butter out of beef tallow, catches imported sardines off the coast of Maine, brings milk to the city that the inspectors pitch into the river, sells "bob veal" in the markets until arrested, fined and sent to jail for it; that when children ask for bread gives them a preparation of alum; a generation that mixes split peas with the coffee and sand with the sugar it sells,—of course you can't make the Sermon on the Mount fit such a people as that. But this day and generation can be made to fit the Sermon on the Mount; that *can* be done. And that's what Christian men and women are trying to do. Not warping the New Testament to fit a perverse and crooked generation, but rather straightening out the lives and characters of men to line with the pure and lofty morality which Christ taught. And when the country is brought up to the "two sparrows for a farthing" basis, our children will laugh to think that their fathers grew bald and wrinkled and blind, puzzling over such simple questions as the relations of Capital and Labor, very much as we laugh at our fathers for dodging the question of human slavery until it turned into a cannon ball that no man could dodge.—*Robert J. Burdette in "The Modern Temple and Templers."*

OUR REFUGE.

BY HARRIET B. BRADBURY.

I suppose there is no one who does not feel himself or herself to be in a more or less unfortunate environment. Life is not all smooth sailing for anyone. Perhaps those who are trying to live the higher life feel more keenly than any others the hostile influences of environment. Their ideals are now so far beyond what they once were that the inharmonies about them sometimes seem greater than ever before, despite their efforts to see only the good in people and in circumstances. The further one advances in the truth and the more the desire for helpfulness grows upon one, the harder it is, from one point of view, to be patient with the persistent clinging of others to old, harmful thought-habits. We want to help them; they have formed a habit of looking to us for strength, and we have given it, all we could, and let them lean on us and catch glimpses of the vision that goes before us, hoping that they would soon learn how to see for themselves and go for help to the one Infinite Source. But somehow they seem to need continual assistance; it is wearing, it weighs us down in time, until it seems as though we were in danger of becoming negative, and they—with their depression and anxiety or their nervousness and irritability—were becoming the ruling force and carrying us with them. Who of us has not experienced this difficulty? Who of us does not feel the need of a stronger hold upon the "substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen?" Oh, for a strength that could never be shaken, a trust that would sustain through every trial, a clear vision of the Allness of the Good that would enable us to be to these dear friends all that we want to be, when they become disheartened and cannot find peace!

What shall we do? Alas, we cannot carry all their loads for them. Beyond a certain point we cannot go. We must go apart for a season and renew our

strength. Perhaps we may have to apparently neglect some duty in order to find time to recover our lost poise. But it must be done, or we are not living the truth we know. We must not permit ourselves to become negative, even though we may seem unsympathetic for a time. We must find some way to become once more the strong, positive force, or we are not doing our duty by those around us.

Let us go alone for just a few moments. Let us cast ourselves upon that Infinite Arm that is ever ready to support us. Let us open our hearts for a moment and feel the Presence of the Divine Peace. "Father, for their sakes I ask for strength." Can the Father fail to answer such a prayer? "Faithful is He that calleth you." Rest in His love and that love will never fail you. Ask for guidance that you may be able to teach those who now look to you, to look to Him. Ask that you may be able to make them feel that He is all companionship, and that in Him they may find an inexhaustible supply of strength. Those who lean upon a human friend lean on no sure support. In the "secret place of the Most High" alone is help always to be found. His help alone will transform the life and make despondency impossible.

Do you not know how you can bring this knowledge to them? Simply live it. Never let yourself be overcome. Help them as long as you can and then leave them and go into the silent, secret place. They will know why you go away. They will see the light upon your face when you come back, and that will be their lesson. It is the life that tells. It counts for more than many books and much instruction, and it will bring a truer strength to them than any they can gain by depending upon you. Thus your most helpful work may be done when you seem to be almost useless, because the way you conduct yourself when you are weak will furnish an example which no one can be too dull to understand. "Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in mine infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me."

Andromeda.

The smooth-worn coin and threadbare classic phrase
Of Grecian myths that did beguile my youth
Beguile me not as in the olden days;
I think more grief and beauty dwell in truth.
Andromeda, in fetters by the sea,
Star-pale with anguish till young Perseus came,
Less moves me with her sufferings, than she,
The slim girl figure fettered in dark shame,
That nightly haunts the park there, like a shade,
Trailing her wretchedness from street to street.
See where she passes—neither wife nor maid—
How all mere fiction crumbles at her feet!
Here is woe's self, and not the mask of woe;
A legend's shadow shall not move you so!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

The only true science, which is really useful to us in tlme and eternity, in our present condition, not less than in the hereafter, is the practical knowledge of the *regeneration of man.* This knowledge is acquired neither by theology and philosophy, nor by moralizing. It does not depend on any theoretical information in regard to terrestial or celestial things, nor can spiritual regeneration be attained by leading a virtuous life for fear of the consequences that are likely to follow if we indulge in evil; it can only be acquired by a realization of the truth within our own selves.

—*Franz Hartman in "The Life of Jehoshua."*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE ROAD TO IMMORTALITY

"All roads lead to Rome"—and away from Rome. Brother Paul's road appears to be that by which men have been travelling away from immortality instead of toward it for several thousand years past. His is the road of monasticism, of renunciation of the world and the flesh, as well as the devil. He sees and deplores the sin, sickness, misery and unrest of humanity resulting from the ignorant, depraved, and unrestrained abuse of the sex nature. What he has not learned, evidently, is the unquestioned demonstration of history that we have to thank the very rule of monasticism here laid down, in its perversion of nature, for all the depravity that to-day fills the world with woe. Freedom from the monastic idea and all its baneful influences and effects, especially in the enslavement and degradation of woman, is the one hope of the race's real regeneration and redemption. So insidiously pernicious is the influence of life in a celibate community that men and women become afraid to shake hands with each other—all the time prating of the superior saintliness of celibacy and making an indecent exposure of the spirit. Having said thus much by way of allowances that must be made in considering the teaching of this book, let us pay the author the just tribute of recognizing his very evident sincerity and earnestness. More than this, he gives us glimpses of a grasp on larger truth far in advance of the usual treatment of the subject from the sentimental side—inconsistent indeed with his stoic rule of life and sure eventually to lead him into epicurean sweetness and sanity. He tells us in the first part of his book that the expectation of an enjoyment of immortal existence after the physical has been laid in the grave is a

serious mistake and one that does much to retard the progress of the soul. "Immortality," he declares, "will never be gained until the consciousness of the soul has been awakened while dwelling in a physical body. It was for this purpose that God gave man a material body." He assures us that all who faithfully apply the methods he indicates "may drink from the fountains of eternal youth." Drawing sustenance from the Infinite Life, he will always be able to rejuvenate his body and perpetuate his existence. Immortality, in the sense used by the author, implies the attainment of conscious oneness with the Father. Despite the mental twist and mistaken methods mentioned, the reader will find much of interest and value in the author's directions for the attainment of mastery of the will, attunement with the One Life and spiritual self-consciousness. (Esoteric Publishing Co., Applegate, Cal. 8vo. pp. 76; paper 50 cents.)

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THE BLOSSOM OF THE CENTURY

Wholesome, sound, straightforward and devoid of all pious cant and mysticism, Helen Wilmans in this volume gives us very sure and simple grounds for her unswerving faith in the realization of life in immortalized flesh. "The dread of death is the hope of life," she says, "and in the cosmic growth of the race every hope is the sure prophecy of its own fulfillment." Mrs. Wilmans shows us in clear and convincing terms the scientific basis for her conclusion that there is no dead matter anywhere in the universe, that all is mind and the degree of intelligent recognition of the Law of Attraction and the Principle of Life determines the form and power of mind's manifestation in matter. Not self surrender, but self assertion is her method. The author is a radical of the radicals, iconoclastic, aggressive and one who does not hesitate to make the broadest and boldest assertions of the truth as it appears to her. "God" is to her view an unscientific

term. "The Law of Attraction," centering in, evolving and expressing itself through the individual, means more to her. She would substitute intellectuality for spirituality and build brain rather than soul. We need not agree with all her views to appreciate and admire the power of her own very distinct individuality and to feel the insistent and cumulative beat of her trip-hammer sentences. "The Blossom of the Century" and "The Road to Immortality" really supplement each other. Balance will be found between their extremes. (12 mo. cloth, 164 pp., $1.00; C. C. Post, Sea Breeze, Fla.)

Any book reviewed in these pages will be supplied at publisher's price by the Temple Publishing Company.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE MORNING STAR. There is a learning that runneth to waste and a learning that maketh for increase. Of the latter sort is that which distinguishes this modest monthly edited by Peter Davidson, scholar, mystic, seer, philosopher and honest man in the remote blue cavern country of Georgia. It is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Davidson's monthly journal, small and unpretentious as it is, embodies more real learning and wisdom concerning the deep things of God than are to be found in all the more showy philosophical magazines and reviews put together. The March number, for instance, contains a luminous article on "Female Initiations" with an elucidation of fragments from the Sohar, pointed comment on "Marriage and Theosophy," thoughts on inspiration, signs of the times and chat with correspondents Indicative of the editor's quality and position, is this quotation, in an exposition of biblical and other prophecy concerning the approaching coming of Christ: "The bird that crowed when Peter denied

his Master, was a type of the male principle, and it was assured that that principle had yet 2,000 years to reign. This brings us to the close of this, the nineteenth century, and now the Anointed One of God walks the earth as of old, being in full consciousness of mundane, as well as of super-mundane existence. . . . . He is to-day upon earth, and his *manifestation* to those who love him is now more tangible than during the middle ages (John xiv, 21, 23). . . . . . He and his Disciple, whose tidings I, a very feeble, unenlightened, humble, unworthy and rustic herald, from time to time imperfectly proclaim." The price of this magazine is five cents, but five dollars would not pay for it. (Loudsville, Ga.)

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THE JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL METAPHYSICS. Every issue of H. W. Dresser's admirably edited and printed monthly marks larger fulfillment of the mission of the New Thought through its masterly exposition of the underlying unity of spirit and matter. Katharine H. Newcomb, in the April issue, gives us some very practical "Helps to Right Living," Helen L. Manning points out the importance of attention to "Thought Atmosphere in Childhood" with striking incidental illustration, Solon Lauer calls attention to the importance of the sacred literature of India and to an undertaking which promises to put within reach of moderate purses the entire series of "Sacred Books of the East" translated by Max Mueller and his associates. An editorial on "Absolute Truth" is commended to the special attention of students of truth and not less to that of the thousand or so pseudo "teachers of truth" all over this broad land who have yet to distinguish between logical theory and illogical notions. Mr. Dresser's article on "The Omnipresent Spirit" is a strong and thoughtful piece of work, rich in such suggestiveness of the practical side of philosophy as shines through these sentences: "Creation has always been continuous, and a matter of minute modification; but we are just becoming conscious of it.

The history of human life is the story of the soul's progressive awakening out of the unconscious." (Philosophical Publishing Co., Boston; 10 cents once, $1.00 a year.)

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THE COMING LIGHT for April, well bears out the promise of the earlier numbers. It has already taken its place distinctly as the livest and bravest and most beautiful reform magazine in the country. We are brought into touch not merely with the outside and statistical phase of social reform, but also with its soul—vibrant and intensely human. To paraphrase Horace Walpole, God, being omnipotent, might have made something better than humanity, but so far He has not The number contains excellent portraits of Helen Campbell, Paul Tyner, Charlotte Perkins Stetson, Herbert N. Casson, Dr. Sivartha, Edward B. Payne, and James Taylor Rogers, who are among the contributors, while the subjects discussed include Direct Legislation, Public Ownership of Monopolies, Politics and Education in Kansas, the Religion of Socialism, Palmistry, The Injunction, Shams of Our Civilization and Intelligent Selfishness. Good poems are a matter of course in "The Coming Light" and its very original and helpful editorial departments are well sustained. (Price 10 cents, $1.00 a year; 621 O'Farrell St., San Francisco, Cal.)

Subscriptions for any publication reviewed in these pages will be received by the Temple Publishing Company at publishers' price and have prompt attention.

When once we have developed the sort of man to whom liberty is more precious than bread we shall have plenty of liberty and plenty of bread as well. Until we have done that we shall both cringe and starve.

—*The Conservator.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Food for uplifting thought is furnished in the graceful allegory which is made THE TEMPLE'S leader this month. Several sides of a wonderful truth are presented, and it would be interesting to have the writer's interpretations of various minds. We will be glad to receive and publish such interpretations in brief shape from those of our readers who feel they have something to offer by way of impression or further illumination.

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"Those whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." Destruction is just now following, sharp and decisive, on the madness, murderous and prolonged, which culminated in the Maine massacre. The victory in Manila Bay was not merely the triumph of Admiral Dewey and his ships and men over the Spaniard. This masterly American but embodied and focussed in splendid fashion the spirit of justice for which American nationality stands, if it stands for anything. "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small." In the rise and fall of Spain we have repeated the history of the rise and fall of Rome and earlier civilizations. It will be repeated until we shall have learned the lesson of this perishing pride and power. For nations, as for individuals, *Justice* is the one inexorable condition of life. "God is on the side of the heaviest artillery," said Napoleon early in his career. Afterwards he found that the heaviest artillery is apt to be on the side of God. When our strength is not in the right, fleets and armies will be but as chaff in the wind. Standing for right and justice, armies are invincible, navies all-conquering, and forts impregnable spring into existence at our bidding.

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The announcement that the editor of the TEMPLE is not responsible for opinions expressed in signed ar-

ticles other than his own is made with special reference to one statement made by our valued contributor, Thuroros, in the present number. The larger meaning in the text as to the lifting up of the Christ pointed out is soundly based and immensely helpful, but we doubt if our learned contributor himself really believes that we are "conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity" in the sense ordinarily understood. Man created in the image of God is conceived in purity and shapen in perfection.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

REINCARNATION AGAIN.

A. E. P. B., Shelton, Neb., asks: "How can I know that reincarnation is a truth? I cannot believe on anyone's say so without knowing for myself."—A. This is a commendable attitude. Unbelief is better than blind belief in obedience to authority of any sort. The only way to make a truth your own is to maintain an open and receptive attitude of mind, examining and weighing fairly all the evidence you can find for or against it and using your best judgment. In regard to reincarnation, you might take into account that it is to-day the belief of a majority of mankind; that it was taught by Jesus and by Pythagoras, as well as by other of the most enlightened leaders of spiritual thought. Follow up some of the suggestions as to the proof by analogy indicated in the December TEMPLE. Recognition of this truth by many of our poets and other wise teachers is interestingly brought out by E. D. Walker in his book, "Reincarnation." (Paper 50 cents; cloth $1.) Mrs. Besant's little book under the same title, is probably the most complete and convincing condensed presentation of the subject so far published (cloth, 35 cents). Intuitionally, (that is on your spiritual side), you are already convinced,

or you would not "want to believe in reincarnation." Your intellect demands confirmation of the promptings of your soul. Accordingly, we refer you to arguments calculated to appeal to the reason of a reasonable woman. At the same time, it will be well to take the thought into the silence and strengthen your intuitional perception of the truth by listening to the voice of the silence and obeying its leading. Either of the books mentioned can be procured from the TEMPLE office.

Paul Juan, Carbon, Cala.—Wants to know how we account for there being more people in the world now than there were at first, if reincarnation is true.—A. Reincarnation does not mean that every human being now on earth was personally represented in the first incarnation of man in the first race. Many of us are now in our *first* incarnation, having through evolution newly reached the human plane, and having all possibility and opportunity for development before us. There are "old souls" and "new souls" in the world, and about as many new souls as old—using the terms "old" and "new" simply with reference to experience in human incarnations; essentially, every soul is without beginning and without end. These new souls and old souls can be very helpful to each other. Filled and quivering with the force of the divine influx freshly received; thrilling with the wonder and delight of the country he has so newly come to, a man or woman in the primal incarnation appeals to the love and tenderness of older souls as does the babe to its grown-up relatives. Often too, he (or she) is characterized by the same harm, beauty and innocence as the babe—and the same need of older wisdom. Our correspondent should remember also that we have evidence in the archæological remains of Mexico that there were races of men on this planet (and comparatively advanced races) as far back as 100,000 years ago. So far as science can tell us, there is no reason to question the probability that man's first existence on earth dates back a million

years. And he may have lived on the more advanced planets (or the less advanced) millions of years before that. This would provide back-ground for thousands of individuals now on earth being in, say, their thousandth incarnation. Most of us have an exaggerated idea of the population of the world. A friend given to curious arithmetical calculations estimates that all the people on earth could be placed in Hyde Park, London, if they stood in five tiers one above the other.

J. L. M., Fort Wane, Ind.—"Does the individual ever change his sex in incarnation?"—A. Certainly. Man is spiritually and essentially *bi-sexual*. As we are told in Genesis, "In the image of God created he him; male and female created he them." The separation of the sexes is only incident of outer form, through which the distinctive male and female principles are emphasized and consciousness of their nature and relation developed. Excessive femininity in one incarnation must be balanced by masculinity in another. Frequently, however, the masculine tendencies of one incarnation are evident in the succeeding incarnation in the female form and vice versa. The balanced and harmonious man or woman is neither masculine nor feminine to an extreme, but rather a perfect blending of the best masculine and feminine characteristics. Such natures are apt to be geniuses in some lines as Raphael in painting, or Mozart in music.

The true building of the Temple of Sol-Om-On consists, therefore, in the tearing down of the miserable hut built up of erronious opinions and perverted tastes,—a hovel which we have erected ourselves by our own thoughts, and wherein we dwell. It consists in the opening of its walls and roof, so that the light of Truth may enter and drive away the darkness of its interior; it consists of the regaining of the Spirit over Mattea,—a power which is the natural birthright of immortal Man

—*Franz Hartman in "The Life of Jehoshua."*